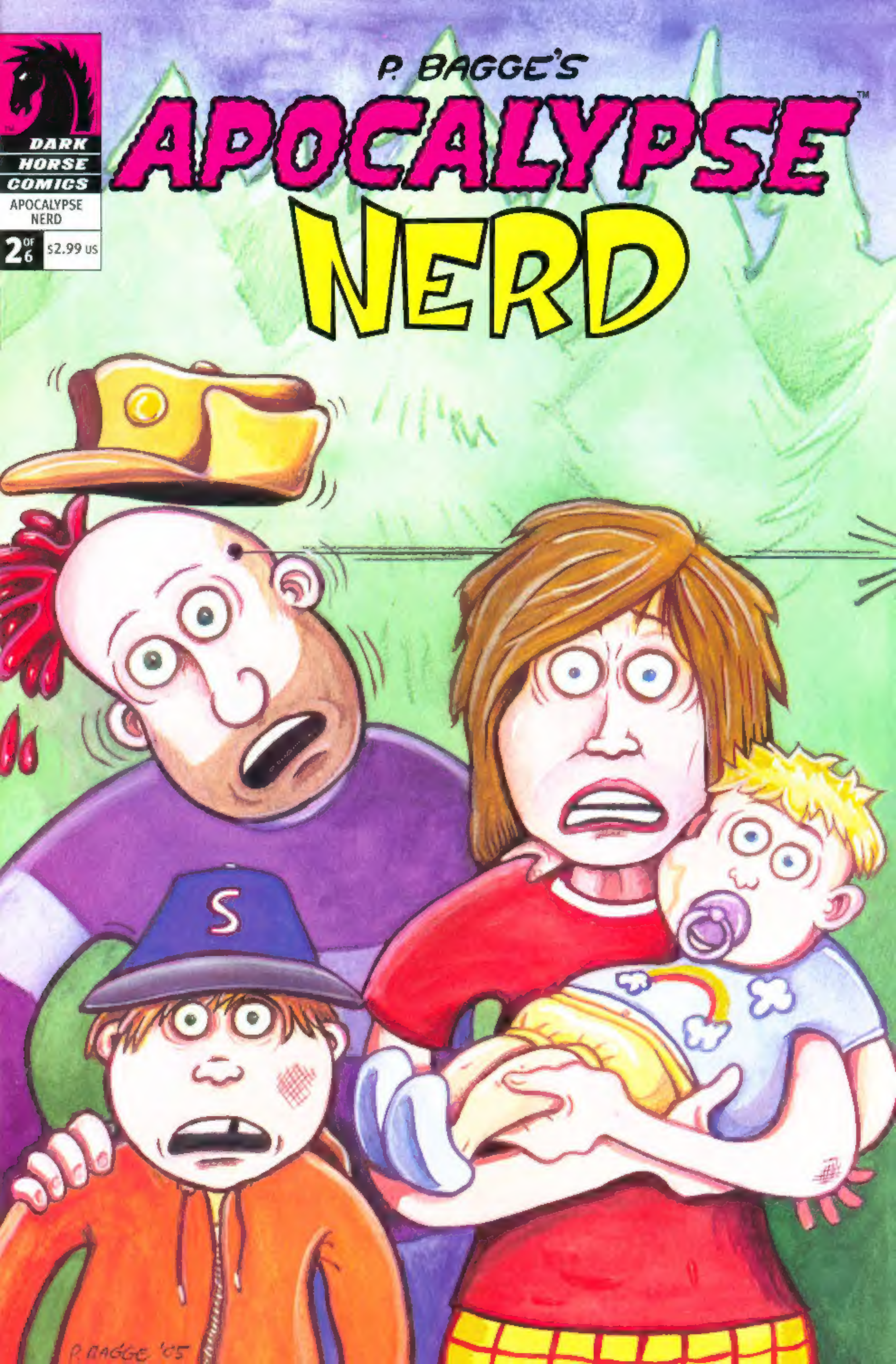
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APOCALYPSE NERD
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IN LAST ISSUE...

Story and art by PETER BAGGE

Designer JOSH ELLIOTT Assistant Editor KATIE MOODY Editor DAVE LAND Publisher MIKE RICHARDSON www.darkhorse.com

APOCALYPSE NERD #2, SEPTEMBER 2005. PUBLISHED BY DARK HORSE COMICS, INC., 10956 SE MAIN STREET, MILWAUKIE, OREGON 97222.

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SIX WEEKS LATER...
PEE-YEW! IT SMELLS LIKE A GIANT, RANCID FART IN HERE!
THAT'S FROM ALL THE GAMEY MEAT WE'VE BEEN EATING.
SPUTTER
BRAP
FLURGE
PAFF
WELL, I'M GONNA DO MY FARTING OUTSIDE FROM NOW ON...
WHY BOTHER, AT THIS POINT?
PIF
BLURRRF...
OH MAN, I'M DISGUSTING...
WE'VE GOT TO DIVERSIFY OUR DIET SOMEHOW...
OH, NO.— NOW I FEEL AN ATTACK OF THE RUNS COMING ON...
I HOPE I MAKE IT TO THE OUTHOUSE IN TIME...

(HOLD IT RIGHT THERE.)
(DON'T MAKE A SOUND.)
?!?
(WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?)
I-I'M PERRY...
Y-YOU MUST BE THE CABIN'S OWNER...
(QUIET!)
(YOU A FRIEND OF GORDO'S?)
(IS HE HERE, TOO?)
I—
BLAM!
SPLURGE
WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL!
...OH... ...MY... ...GOD...
EWW! DID YOU JUST SHIT YOURSELF?
GO GET CLEANED UP NOW, WHILE I—
OH, NO! LOOK!

(GOOD GOD, IT'S HIS FAMILY)...
BETTY! DON'T BE SCARED!
IT'S ME! GORDO!
RUN, JIMMY!
HEY! WHERE YA GOING?
EVERYTHING'S COOL!
IT WAS SELF-DEFENSE!
I WOULDN'T HURT YOU GUYS! HONEST!
..."EVERYTHING'S COOL"?
UGH, LOOK AT YOU!
WITH YOUR PANTS DOWN, ALL COVERED IN CRAP...
IT'S NO WONDER THEY RAN AWAY!
THOSE KIDS JUST SAW YOU KILL THEIR DAD...
AND YOU'RE BLAMING THEIR TERROR ON MY DIARRHEA?
I'VE KNOWN BETTY SINCE GRADE SCHOOL...
SHE SAW WHAT HAPPENED! I HAD NO CHOICE!
HE WASN'T GOING TO SHOOT ME...
HOW DO YOU KNOW?!
I SAVED YOUR LIFE, MAN! HOW ABOUT SHOWING A LITTLE GRATITUDE?
GORDO, LOOK AT HIS FACE...

THOSE BURNS AND SCARS... IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS?
YOU MEAN LIKE FROM RADIATION? OH MAN, I DUNNO...
IT COULD BE FROM FALLOUT...
OR ELSE HE JUST FELL...
BUT WHAT IF HE IS RADIOACTIVE? WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
AT THE RISK OF ADDING INSULT TO INJURY, I THINK WE SHOULD BURN HIM, CLOTHES AND ALL...
GOOD IDEA!
I'LL GET THE KEROSENE...
NO! WAIT! WHAT WAS I THINKING?!
THAT'D BE THE WORST THING WE COULD DO!
HUH?
HOW DO YOU FIGURE?
IF HE IS RADIO-ACTIVE WE'D JUST BE CREATING MORE FALLOUT, ONCE HIS REMAINS BECAME AIRBORNE...
WE'LL HAVE TO THINK OF A WAY TO DISPOSE OF HIM WITHOUT TOUCHING HIM...
FINE. I'LL GET SOME ROPE...
BUT IN THE MEANTIME WILL YOU PLEASE CLEAN YOURSELF UP?!
YOU SMELL NASTY!
SORRY...
WIPE
SIGH...

AND SO...
I REMEMBER THERE BEING A CLIFF JUST AROUND THIS CORNER...
WE JUST HAVE TO CUT THE ROPE AND GIVE HIM THE OLD HEAVE-HO...
WE'RE GOING STRAIGHT TO HELL FOR THIS...
RUMBLE BRUMBLE
DON'T START, PERRY.
THIS IS A DESECRATION...
WE'RE COMMITTING JUST ABOUT EVERY MORTAL SIN IN THE BOOK...
IS IT A SIN TO WANT TO STAY ALIVE?
AND IT'S NOT LIKE WE ATE HIM OR FUCKED HIS CORPSE...
TRUE. WE DIDN'T DO THAT.
HEY, AM I DOING THIS ALONE, OR WHAT?
I'M COMING... SIGH.
REMEMBER NOT TO TOUCH HIM...
HERE, I'LL USE THIS STICK...
ROLL...
RUMBLE TUMBLE
YOU'RE NOT GONNA HAVE ANOTHER FREAK-OUT ATTACK, ARE YOU?
NAH. I'M TOO IN SHOCK RIGHT NOW...
IT'LL PROBABLY HIT ME LATER...
SMASH CRASH

LATER...
WE KILLED A MAN, GORDO!
AND THEN WE DRAGGED HIS CORPSE AROUND LIKE AN ANIMAL!
STOP THINKING ABOUT IT!
JUST SHUT UP AND GO TO SLEEP!
AND WHAT ABOUT HIS FAMILY?!
THEY'RE IN THE WOODS SOMEWHERE, STARVING AND COLD...
A WOMAN, A CHILD, AND A LITTLE BABY!
TOUGH! THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO RUN AWAY!
THOUGH I'M KINDA GLAD THEY DID...
?!? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
I'M SAYING THEY'RE PROBABLY AS MESSED UP AS THEIR DAD WAS...
YOU WANT SOME RADIOACTIVE KID IN HERE CLIMBING ALL OVER YOU?
OH... GOOD POINT...
EXACTLY. NOW GO TO SLEEP.
—OMIGOD! WHAT IF THEY CALL THE COPS ON US?!
WHAT "COPS"? AND CALL FROM WHERE?
THEY DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A CAR!
BUT—
IF YOU DON'T SHUT UP RIGHT NOW I'M GONNA KILL YOU, TOO!
NOW GO TO SLEEP!
I SWEAR, YOU ARE REALLY STARTING TO DRIVE ME CRAZY!
WHIMPER...

TWO WEEKS LATER...
?!? WHAT'S THIS? ANOTHER DEER?
YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT?
YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH FOOD?
WE STILL HAVE TONS LEFT OVER FROM THE LAST DEER YOU "BAGGED"...
I'M SICK OF THAT SALTY "DEER JERKY" WE MADE OUT OF IT...
I WANT FRESH MEAT!
PLOP!
AND WE CAN HARDLY SURVIVE ON THOSE ROOTS AND BERRIES YOU BRING HOME...
WE COULDN'T SURVIVE WITHOUT THEM!
WE COULDN'T DIGEST ALL THAT GAMEY MEAT OTHER-WISE!
HERE, GRAB THE OTHER END OF THIS TARP...
I WANT YOU TO HELP ME GUT AND CLEAN IT THIS TIME...
EW! GROSS! NO WAY!
YES WAY! YOU NEED TO LEARN HOW!
WHY? SO YOU'LL HAVE MORE FREE TIME TO BAG MORE FRESH MEAT?
BESIDES, GUTTING AND CLEANING IS WOMEN'S WORK!
7.

?! HOW DO YOU FIGURE?
DON'T THINK I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE, GORDO!
YOU'RE TRYING TO TURN ME INTO YOUR LITTLE BITCH, JUST LIKE IN PRISON!
ARE YOU CALLING ME A HOMO?
THOUGH YOU ARE A LI'L BITCH, SINCE THAT'S ALL YOU EVER DO...
HCH-HEH!
—HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
LUNGE!
I'M GOING HUNTING, THAT'S WHAT!
BUT YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO USE A GUN...
WHAT'S TO KNOW? JUST POINT AND SHOOT...
IT AIN'T ROCKET SCIENCE.
FINE, GO PLAY AT BEING A GROWNUP FOR A DAY...
AT LEAST I'LL HAVE THE CABIN TO MY-SELF FOR A WHILE...
AND WE COULD ALWAYS USE MORE OF THAT GAMEY MEAT YOU LOVE SO MUCH!
JUST MAKE SURE YOU DON'T SHOOT ANY GRIZZLY BEARS!
BLAM
AND DON'T WASTE BULLETS!

THAT EVENING...
--HELLO? WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
BEHOLD! THE GREAT HUNTER HAS RETURNED!
AND WHAT HATH HE BROUGHT?
?!? A SQUIRREL?
YOU WASTED A WHOLE BULLET ON A SQUIRREL?!
I THOUGHT IT WAS A CHICKEN...
WE NEED TO MAKE A BOW AND ARROW...
YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE STALKING A WILD CHICKEN?
HEY, I'M A CITY KID! WHAT DO I KNOW!?
CHALK IT UP TO WISHFUL THINKING...
PLOP
HAW! HAW! HAW!
SHUT UP!
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS, BUT I WOULD KILL FOR A CHICKEN McNUGGET RIGHT NOW...
ME TOO...
WANT SOME JERKY?
NO, I DON'T WANT ANY FUCKING "JERKY".
I WANNA GO BACK TO THE CITY
WHAT "CITY"?
9.

I'M SERIOUS. I WANT TO GO BACK. NOW.
YOU'RE INSANE.
THINK ABOUT IT, GORDO. WINTER'S COMING!
MEAT KEEPS BETTER IN WINTER...
NO MORE JERKY!
I DON'T THINK I'LL MAKE IT OUT HERE, GORDO. I'D RATHER TAKE MY CHANCES BACK HOME..
YOU'RE INSANE.
I AM NOT! I JUST FEEL... USELESS!
AT LEAST IN THE CITY I KNOW MY WAY AROUND...
EVERY-ONE IS DEAD BACK THERE!
THE LUCKY ONES ARE, ANY-WAY...
AND WHAT'LL I DO OUT HERE ALL BY MY-SELF?!
DON'T TELL ME YOU'LL MISS ME, GORDO..
YOU'RE ON THE VERGE OF STRANGLING ME! ADMIT IT!
SUIT YOUR-SELF. I'M GOING TO BED.
I KNEW YOU'D UNDER-STAND.
SWEET DREAMS.

THE NEXT MORNING. .
GIVE BACK THOSE KEYS!
YOU'RE NOT TAKING MY TRUCK!
WHY NOT? =GRUNT=
WHAT DO YOU NEED IT FOR?
THAT'S IRRELEVANT. IT'S MY TRUCK!
BESIDES, ONE DAY I MIGHT NEED IT!
GRAB!
HOW AM I GONNA GET BACK TO THE CITY, THEN? HITCHHIKE?
THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO—
GIMME THOSE KEYS!
NOW!
WHAT TH..?
THAT'S RIGHT, I'VE GOT A KNIFE, AND I'M NOT AFRAID TO USE IT...
OH YEAH? WELL, I'VE GOT A GUN...
NOW GIMME BACK MY KNIFE!
FINE, HERE! BUT LET ME TAKE A FEW THINGS WITH ME...
LIKE THE SURVIVAL BOOK, AND MY BACK-PACK...
SUIT YOURSELF...
THUD!
JUST DON'T GET GREEDY...
AND HERE, TAKE YOUR FORAGING BASKET AS WELL.
BONK!

AND SO...
OKAY, SO I AM INSANE...
BUT I'D BE EVEN MORE INSANE IF I HAD STAYED.
I MADE THE RIGHT DECISION! NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!
I THINK...
THIS TRIP MAY TAKE DAYS, BUT I SHOULD BE FINE THANKS TO MY NEW-FOUND FORAGING SKILLS..
AND GORDO SAID I'D NEVER MAKE IT.. HA!
I'LL SHOW HIM!
IN FACT, I SPY SOME ELDERBERRIES RIGHT BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD..
FANCY THAT!
OR WAIT: IS THIS NIGHT-SHADE?
I MUSTN'T RISK KILLING MYSELF...
I'M SURE I'LL FIND SOME-THING ELSE TO EAT SOON ENOUGH...
I'M KINDA HUNGRY NOW THOUGH... SIGH

LATER..
...WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!
MY FEET ARE KILLING ME! AND I'M STILL NOWHERE NEAR "CIVILIZATION"..
I'M EXHAUSTED!
AND FAMISHED!
OH GOD, WHAT WAS I THINKING..
THIS WAS A TOTAL PANIC MOVE ON MY PART..
I SHOULD HAVE STAYED PUT.. I DON'T STAND A CHANCE ON MY OWN...
IF I HAD A GUN I'D JUST BLOW MY BRAINS OUT AND GET IT OVER WITH...
OR GO FIND A SHARP STICK AND FALL ON IT...
RUMMBLE..
?!? WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE A TRUCK!
THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA...
SPROING!
RUMBLE...
I'LL USE MY BODY TO BLOCK THE ROAD...
THAT WAY THEY'LL HAVE TO STOP AND GIVE ME A RIDE...
OR, THEY'LL RUN OVER ME AND KILL ME..
EITHER WAY I COME OUT AHEAD...
...BURRUMBBLE...

SKREECH!
?!?
PERRY?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
GORDO! YOU CAME TO RESCUE ME!
LOOK GORDO, I'VE BEEN THINKING...
SO HAVE I, AND YOU'RE RIGHT...
NO, YOU WERE RIGHT!
WHO KNOWS WHAT KIND OF HELL AWAITS US OUT THERE...
WE'RE BETTER OFF BACK AT THE CABIN!
I DUNNO, PERRY...THE FOOD SITUATION IS PRETTY GRIM...
MY RECTUM IS SHOT!
I'M ALSO BORED OUT OF MY MIND! I NEED MENTAL STIMULATION!
THERE'S NO CHICKS OUT HERE, EITHER...
SO ARE WE BASING OUR DECISION IN PART ON BOREDOM?
IF IT'S A TOSSUP BETWEEN BOREDOM AND THE UNKNOWN, I OPT FOR THE LATTER...
FAIR ENOUGH. LET'S GO, THEN!
GOT ANY JERKY ON YA?

THAT NIGHT..
THERE'S THE QUICKY MART WE STOLE GAS FROM...
I DOUBT THEY HAVE ANY GAS LEFT TO STEAL...
OR ANYTHING ELSE, FOR THAT MATTER...
ICE
WANNA STOP AND CHECK ANY-WAY?
NAH. IT LOOKS PRETTY PICKED OVER..
I SAY WE KEEP GOING...
—LOOK OUT!
?!?
BUMP!
SKREEEEEEEE!
OH MY GOD! DID WE KILL HIM?
WHOA, HOLD ON..
THIS COULD BE A SET-UP..
W

A "SET-UP"?
WOULD SOMEONE KILL HIMSELF IN ORDER TO ROB US?
Hmmm... GOOD POINT..
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? IS HE DEAD?
HE'S A SHE..
AND YEAH, SHE'S DEAD.
LOOK AT ALL THE CANDY THAT CAME FLYING OFF OF HER...
SHE WAS LIKE A HUMAN PIÑATA...
I BET SHE WAS SURVIVING OFF WHAT WAS LEFT IN THAT STORE..
OOH! TWIZZLERS!
..ONLY NOW THAT IT'S BEEN PICKED CLEAN SHE PROBABLY WAS HOPING TO CATCH A RIDE OUT OF HERE...
DOES SHE HAVE ANY-THING ON HER BESIDES CANDY?
SELF - SERVE
OH MAN, SHE WAS ONLY NINE-TEEN..
JUST OUR LUCK..
WE FINALLY RUN INTO A CUTE CHICK, ONLY WE REALLY DID RUN INTO HER!
THAT'S NOT FUNNY.
I KNOW IT'S NOT FUNNY. WHAT IS ANYMORE?
IT'S EITHER LAUGH OR CRY, YA KNOW?
THIS IS A BAD SIGN...
DO YOU THINK WE HAVE ENOUGH GAS TO GET US BACK TO THE CABIN?

TO BE CONT

"TOM PAINE IN THE ASS"
A CONDENSED BIOGRAPHY OF A WORLD-CLASS TROUBLE MAKER
NORFOLK, ENGLAND, CIRCA 1750S...
..BUT I WANT TO SAIL THE SEVEN SEAS WITH "CAPTAIN DEATH"!
THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS FROWNS ON PIRACY, TOM..
HAR HAR
THE TERRIBLE
SIGN UP HERE
BESIDES, I NEED YOU AT THE SHOP.
BY P BAGGE ©2005
MAKING CORSETS IS WOMEN'S WORK!
IT'S HONEST WORK, AND THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS...
— EASY ON THOSE WHALE BONES, TOM! THEY'RE VERY EXPENSIVE!
SNAP!
WORK, WORK, WORK! I HATE BEING A QUAKER!
SEVEN YEARS LATER..
HMMM.. NOT A BAD HAUL..
STILL, PRIVATEERING IS NOT THE LIFE FOR ME...
I NEED TO FIND A SAFER OCCUPATION!
KA-CHING!
HELLO, SAILOR!
LONDON, C.1760S
I DON'T FEEL LIKE MEASURING YOUR LIQUOR VATS TODAY...
JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK YOU OWE...
REALLY?! YOU'RE MY KIND O' TAX COLLECTOR!
I HEARD THAT, PAINE!
YOU'RE FIRED!
AGAIN!
THE KING IS A MENTAL DEFECTIVE!
CHRIST IS NOT TH' SON O' GOD!
ALL MEN SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO VOTE!
WOMEN, TOO!
(THAT TOM'S GOT A BOLD TONGUE.)
(SOUNDS MORE LIKE HE'S GOT A DEATH WISH!)
1

NOW THAT MY FATHER'S DEAD, MY MOTHER WOULD LIKE YOU TO RUN OUR SNUFF SHOP.
FINE WITH ME.
PERHAPS WE SHOULD WED AS WELL, FOR APPEARANCE'S SAKE..
LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER
"MR. ROMANCE"
.AND TO GIVE ME A FREE PLACE TO LIVE!
WE TAX COLLECTORS RISK OUR LIVES FOR LITTLE COMPENSA-TION!
YOU'VE GOT A WAY WITH WORDS, TOM. WILL YOU WRITE A LIST OF GRIEVANCES FOR US?
SURE. WHY NOT?
EVEN THOUGH I'LL PROBABLY BE FIRED AGAIN.
AND SO...
NOW THAT I'VE BEEN FIRED AGAIN, I THINK WE SHOULD SEPARATE.
OTHERWISE YOU MAY LOSE THE BOARDING HOUSE IN ORDER TO PAY MY DEBTS.
WHATEVER.
DID YOU WRITE THIS?
WHO WANTS TO KNOW?
THE NAME'S FRANKLIN. HOW'D YOU LIKE A JOB WRITING PROPAGANDA FOR THE AMERICAN CAUSE?
OH, OKAY!
PETITION OF GRIEVANCES
DOES IT PAY?
PHILADELPHIA, 1775.
GOOD GRIEF! WHAT SORT OF "CAUSE" DID I SIGN UP FOR?
STILL, IT'S FAR LESS BARBARIC HERE THAN IN THE STREETS OF LONDON...
SLAVE AUCTION
THIS IS TREASON-OUS!
ZOUNDS!
THIS IS PERFECT! I LOVE IT!
THEY LOVE IT IN FRANCE, AS WELL.
COMMON SENSE
COMMON SENSE

"COMMON SENSE" IS A BEST-SELLER!
YOU'RE A WEALTHY MAN NOW, TOM!
BAH! WHO NEEDS MONEY?
I'M DONATING ALL OF MY ROYALTIES TO THE CAUSE!
PRINT ORDERS
HE'LL BE HITTING ME UP FOR A LOAN SOON ENOUGH.
ONE MONTH LATER...
I JUST NEED A FEW QUID TO TIDE ME OVER, BEN...
...UNTIL I GET A PATENT FOR MY IRON BRIDGE IDEA!
ARRGH! THIS MAN IS ALLERGIC TO MONEY!
VALLEY FORGE, DEC '76
I WISH THERE WERE MORE YOU COULD DO TOO, TOM, BUT WE JUST HAVE TO WAIT OUT THIS WINTER..
THESE ARE TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS... SIGH..
HMMM. I GOTTA USE THAT LINE..
AT THE NEXT CONTINENTAL CONGRESS..
PAINE'S "CRISIS PAPERS" ARE THE ONLY THINGS KEEPING OUR CAUSE ALIVE...
BUT HE'S ADVOCATING UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE!
SO WE'LL JUST DEPORT HIM ONCE THE WAR IS OVER
TOM, YOUNG JOHN LAURENS HERE IS GOING TO FRANCE TO SECURE A $2 MILLION LOAN, AND WE'D LIKE YOU TO ACCOMPANY HIM.
SOUNDS HOPELESS, BUT OKAY!
THESE TWO RADICALS ARE GONNA FALL FLAT ON THEIR FACES!
LATER, ON THEIR RETURN TRIP...
WE SHOULD USE THIS MONEY TO ARM THE SLAVES!
A NOBLE GOAL INDEED. TOO BAD IT ISN'T OURS TO SPEND!

ONCE THE WAR IS OVER
FORGET THE SCHYLER RIVER! A BRIDGE MADE OF IRON COULD SPAN THE DELAWARE!
ER... WE'LL BE IN TOUCH...
(HAS HE LOST HIS MIND?)
(TOO BAD THERE'S NO WAR TO KEEP HIM OCCUPIED)...
WHY SO GLUM, TOM? THE NEW GOVERNMENT GAVE YOU A PENSION AND A FREE HOME!
FEH. I'M BORED...
I SHOULD GO BACK TO ENGLAND.
NOW, THERE'S A PLAN...
SHALL WE HAVE YOU FITTED FOR A NOOSE FIRST?
LONDON, 1788..
THIS PARTY IS IN YOUR HONOR, TOM!
I GUESS ALL IS FORGIVEN, EH?
OH, I SUPPOSE...
HUZZAH!
TOO BAD NONE OF THEM CAN AFFORD TO FUND MY BRIDGE.
TWO YEARS LATER.
"TOM PAINE"?
ARE YOU THE SAME RABBLE-ROUSER RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE TROUBLE IN FRANCE RIGHT NOW?
ER.. PERHAPS. HEH-HEH!
Bank of London
NOW, ABOUT MY BRIDGE...
EVENTUALLY...
I'M A PERSONAL FRIEND OF GEORGE WASHINGTON!
HERE'S A LETTER FROM HIM! SEE?
VERY WELL, YOU MAY BOARD...
FERRY TO CALAIS
IF I CAN KEEP THE LETTER!
LATER, IN PARIS ..
...AS AN HONORARY CITIZEN OF FRANCE, WE INVITE YOU TO JOIN OUR NATIONAL CONVENTION!
HURRAH!
MERCI, MONSIEUR ROBES-PIERRE...
WANNA BUY A BRIDGE?

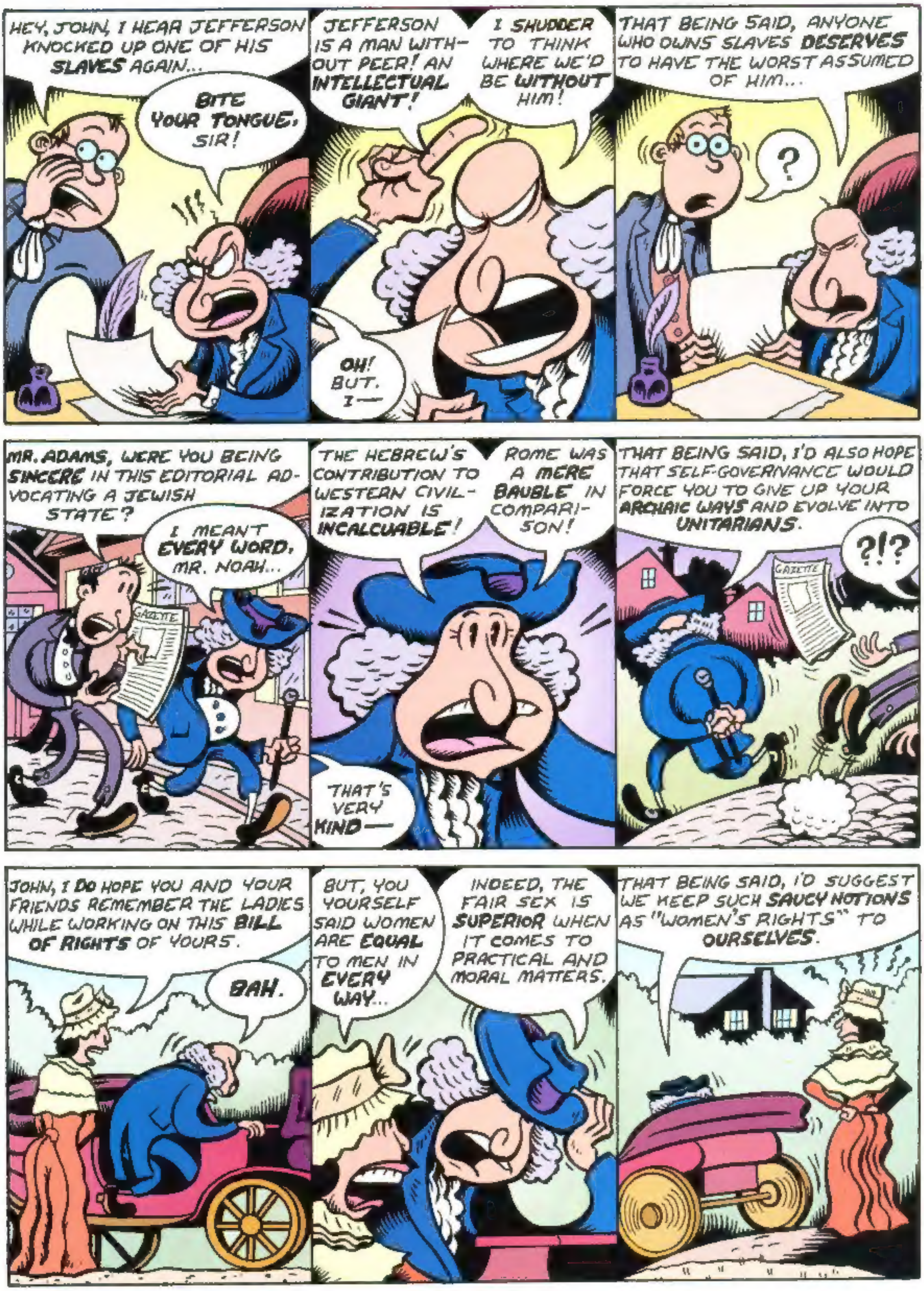
A SHORT WHILE LATER...
I WAS ACCUSED OF BEING A ROYALIST SYMPATHIZER FOR OPPOSING THE KING'S EXECUTION.
WHO ACCUSED YOU?
ROBES-PIERRE.
MAKE SURE WASHINGTON GETS THIS, JAMES!
HMMM... PERHAPS IT COULD USE SOME EDITING...
DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, YOU OWE ME, MOTHERFUCKER! GET ME OUT OF THIS SHIT-HOLE NOW! YRS, —TOM
LATER, AT AMBASSADOR MONROE'S PARIS HOME...
GET RID OF HIM, JAMES!
BUT, WE OWE HIM, LIZ!
..I BLAME WASHINGTON FOR THIS ABSCESS I GOT IN PRISON...
TOM, THIS IS GENERAL BONAPARTE.
I AM HONORED, MONSIEUR PAINE. I SLEEP WITH YOUR "RIGHTS OF MAN" UNDER MY PILLOW.
R-REALLY?
SAY, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO HEAR MY PLANS FOR INVADING ENGLAND?
NAPOLEON SAID MY INVASION PLAN WAS STUPID!
HMPF! WHAT DOES HE KNOW?
WAIT'LL I TELL MY ENGLISH FRIENDS THAT HE INTENDS TO INVADE THEM!
BRUSSELS, 1800...
NAPOLEON WILL KILL YOU IF YOU RETURN TO FRANCE, NOW THAT YOU'VE TOLD THE BRITISH HE INTENDS TO INVADE!
BUT WHERE ELSE CAN I GO?!
AMERICA, PERHAPS?
NOW THAT WASHINGTON'S DEAD HE WON'T HAVE TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR ABSCESS ANYMORE.

BACK IN THE U.S.A....
BOO!
GO BACK TO EUROPE, YOU MUCK-RAKER!
HUH. LOOKS LIKE THE ENLIGHTENMENT HAS COME TO A SCREECHING HALT OVER HERE.
GOD HATER!
HISS!
DID I TELL YOU ABOUT MY STEAM-BOAT IDEA, TOM?
A BOAT POWERED BY STEAM? IT'LL NEVER WORK.
BUT LISTEN, I'VE GOT THIS IDEA FOR AN IRON BRIDGE...
ROBERT FULTON
A PATTERN SOON DEVELOPS...
...(BUT HONEY, HE'S A GENIUS)...
(HE'S A BROKE GENIUS! GET RID OF HIM!)
OOH, MY ABSCESS...
WHERE'S MY TEA?
...THAT NAPOLEON. WHAT A JERK!
I DON'T HAVE MUCH MONEY, THOUGH I DO HAVE A FEW JOB OFFERS...
PLUS I COULD SELL OFF A FEW MEMENTOS...
NONSENSE! MY HOME IS YOUR HOME!
BESIDES, YOU'RE A GENIUS!
(I DON'T CARE IF HE'S A "NATIONAL TREASURE"...
(I WANT THAT DRUNKEN BUM OUT OF HERE!)
HEL-LO! MORE MADEIRA OVER HERE!
JUNE 7th, 1809...
FOR THE LAST TIME, THOMAS: DO YOU ACCEPT JESUS CHRIST AS YOUR SAVIOR?
I MAY BE SICK, BUT I'M NOT STUPID...
NOW FUCK OFF!
END

FOUNDING FATHERS FUNNIES PRESENTS JOHN "CAVEAT" ADAMS in

"THAT BEING SAID"...

BY P. BAGGE © 2005



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